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THE ART PALACE AT MANCHESTER.

The great, smoky, busy city of Manchester has at length done a thing which, for a time, must make it the most observed place in England. Its Art Treasures Exhibition is a spectacle such as the world has never before seen—never, indeed, has been in circumstances to produce till now. Imagine that, leaving the murky town behind, you come out westward into a country of wide-spreading green meadows, interspersed slightly with villages and groups of pleasant suburban residences: there, beside a railway, rises a large building of peculiar aspect, reminding you generally of the magical-looking Crystal Palace of Hyde Park, with a gay-coloured front in three lofty arches, where carriages are continually arriving and departing. This is the Art Treasures Exhibition of Manchester—a temporary palace, we may say, reared for the purpose which its name in some degree expresses. England, it has been declared on high authority, possesses not merely a great body of works of art, the product of its own genius, but the greater number of all the fine pictures that have been produced by foreign artists since the revival. To assemble these from the private and public galleries amongst which they are dispersed, in one great place, where you could at once see and study what it would otherwise take months to visit, and what practically it was impossible otherwise for any one to see, was the idea conceived by the originator of this singular spectacle, Mr J. C. Deane, and which the Merchant Princes of Manchester—wisely deeming it a worthy task—have worked out. The result is one which could only have been realised in a country or province of great wealth, and in a time of peace, prosperity, and general mutual amity and good feeling throughout the various sections of the community. As to the preparation of the house, there were 109 men of Manchester combining to guarantee the sum of £72,500 for expenses—thirty-six of them undertaking £1,000 each! On the other hand, the object being the gratification and improvement of the People, the People of the whole country, there were nobles and men of wealth everywhere agreeing to take down the most treasured works of art from their walls, that they might be gathered together here; thereby undergoing, it must be admitted, some inconvenience, and even encountering the risk of great and irreparable loss. When we consider these circumstances, we must be prepared to own that even the outward splendours of the place scarcely come up to the moral considerations connected with it. One feels it to be symptomatic of a social suavity as connected with the onward march of industry, seeming to indicate

that our community, diversified as it is in pursuits and conditions, is still at heart one—the English People.

The house may be described as consisting of one central arched hall, 632 feet long, by 104 broad, and 56½ in height, crossed near one end by a transept of 200 feet in length, being thus so far in the form of a great cathedral; the small part beyond the transept being occupied wholly as an orchestra. The spaces left by the cross form of the building are, however, filled up by side-salons, corresponding to *aisles*; so that the entire area occupied is a strict parallelogram in figure. The arched ceilings of these various apartments have a space glazed for the admission of light. Entering at the east end, we have the fine vista of the central hall full before us, terminated in the remote distance by the ornamental front of a large organ. Rows of statues, of figures in ancient armour, and of glazed cases for articles of ornamental art, run along in double line; while the walls on both sides are clothed to a great height with pictures, being the portraits of the historical personages of England. In the side-saloon to the left are hung 1100 pictures by ancient masters. That on the right is filled with the choice productions of our own national school. In a suite of smaller apartments at the west end, are upwards of a thousand of the finest water-colour drawings by English masters, including more than fifty of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Turner. There is also a gallery around the transept and adjacent parts of the nave, containing an immense assemblage of engravings of all ages, besides numberless photographic miniatures. The general effect is gay, impressive, and beautiful.

Great was the excitement in Manchester when, on a gray day of May, with a cool east wind blowing, one who is in a sense 'the Prince of all the land' came to formally declare this magnificent exhibition open to the public. The streets, particularly those near the Art Palace, were full of the children of Labour, dirty but good-humoured, all eager to catch a glimpse of the royal visitor and the other distinguished persons concerned in the ceremony. Within the house were assembled perhaps 8000 ladies and gentlemen, nearly all of them holders of costly season-tickets, for such was the mode of selection adopted, in order that the crowd might be kept in moderation. Round a dais surmounted by a throne, in the centre of the transept, stood a row of ambassadors and English nobles, mingled with native gentlemen concerned in preparing the exhibition, several of whom wore court-dresses or the military uniform suitable to their character as deputy-lieutenants of the county. The scene was one of the utmost brilliancy and grace, chiefly by reason of

the abundance of ladies, who were in general attired in a style of elegance which seems to be in some degree peculiar to rich mercantile communities. There was nothing remarkable in the ceremonies of the occasion. The Prince stood modestly up while listening to and replying to the various addresses brought before him by official persons. The Bishop of Manchester read an appropriate prayer; and the orchestra gave the Queen's Anthem and other airs with thrilling effect. Every outward demonstration sank beneath the sentiment of the affair—the consideration of what had brought all these people together, and what might be expected to result therefrom.

The study or enjoyment of the exhibition itself, we found to be a matter for many days, and still the treasure was left unexhausted. Somehow one finds that he cannot live upon pictures alone. After an hour spent in surveying some particular department, he is glad to come to the transept, and take a seat beneath the orchestra where Mr Halle is trying to regale another taste; or mayhap he lounges to the refreshment-room for the sake of a sandwich or a jelly wherewith to restore his flagging strength. Then he goes back again, catalogue in hand, to the pictures, pastures his senses upon them for another hour, and then requires another interval of relaxation. So a day passes, and at the end one is rather surprised to find how little it has accomplished in making himself acquainted with the innumerable articles submitted to his gaze. Perhaps the most rational course of procedure is to go to the ancient masters first, and there trace the art from its rude and simple beginnings in the fourteenth century down to its glorious perfection in the sixteenth. The subjects being for the most part expressive of the religious ideas of a form of Christianity out of which we have advanced, are apt to be of little or limited interest to us. But viewing the matter simply with a regard to the human faculties concerned in art, it is certainly curious to observe the progress made from the stiff, hard, irrelative figures of the times of Cimabue and Giotto, to the fine compositions and colouring of the days of Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Leonardo da Vinci. And for this study, materials truly ample are here presented. Then come, in sections by themselves, groups of the works of Tintoretto, of Murillo, of Rubens, and his Flemish associates, shewing how art was affected by national peculiarities and tendencies. There chances to be an uncommonly large assemblage of Murillo's—no fewer than thirty-five—including his portrait of himself; and perhaps no special group in the exhibition is calculated to make a deeper impression. The feeling which this prince of the Spanish school imparts to his faces seems of unapproachable truthfulness. One looks with reverence on the earnest, genius-lighted face of him who could create such images of beauty, to be 'a joy for ever.' Of Raphael there are twenty-eight pieces, gathered out of nearly as many collections. Titian is represented by thirty works, amongst which will be found 'The Adoration of the Shepherds,' a picture formerly belonging to the collection of Charles I. Rubens appears in great force. His famous 'Rainbow Landscape,' formerly in the Balbi Palace at Genoa, now in the collection of the Marquis of Hertford, is here; so also is his magnificently terrible 'Prometheus tortured by the Vultures.' His contributions are in all forty. Vandyck, Teniers, and Rembrandt are all brought before us in scarcely less abundant illustration. It would be endless to speak of particular works.

The paintings of modern British artists afford, of course, an opportunity of judging whether we have advanced, in this art, upon the continental men of the middle ages. In point of general worthiness of subject, there can be no doubt of an improvement; and if the opinion of an individual were of any account, we should be inclined to say that, overlooking a few gems

of the past, the workmanship has advanced also. However this may be, we have here a series of large saloons filled with the very choicest pictures produced amongst us since the beginning of the last century. The choiceness is verified by one circumstance of which many may judge—namely, that so many are pictures from which we remember having seen engravings. The connoisseur has another proof of the fact, in recognising so many that have been the works of mark in the successive National Academy exhibitions of the last few years. It is evident, from the crowdedness of the rooms, that this is the favourite part of the show, so far as paintings are concerned. To come to particular masters—there are several of the prime works of Hogarth, including those singular comicalities, 'The March of the Guards to Finchley,' and 'the Southwark Fair.' There are many portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and a few of his miscellaneous pieces. Gainsborough, Romney, Opie, and West, give numerous specimens of the age of the Third George; while Lawrence, Stothard, Constable, Collins, and many other artists of the ensuing reign are not less abundantly represented. Of Wilkie we have here all the chief of those wonderful domestic pieces which have given him such celebrity—the 'Blind Man's Buff,' the 'Rent Day,' the 'Distraint for Rent,' &c.—besides several of his less happy, but still elaborate efforts in the historical line, and a portrait of his father and mother—the former in every respect the dour Scotch country parson; the latter, exactly the kind of person whom we might have expected to remark, as she is said to have done, when she heard her son David so much spoken of: 'I wiss they saw Andrew,' said Andrew being a good-looking young grocer. There are many works of Etty, of Landseer, of Leslie, of Danby, MacIise, Frith, Stanfield, Ward, and other men still or recently alive. That happy joke by Landseer, styled 'Alexander and Diogenes;' also his 'There is Life in the Old Dog yet'—a grand work—arrest universal attention. The pitying eye is drawn irresistibly by Ward's 'Charlotte Corday led to Execution.' Roberts is here with his magnificent interiors of cathedrals. George Harvey, Sir John Watson Gordon, Graham Gilbert, Faed, and others of the northern school, occupy the breadth that is due to their signal merits. Here, in especial, is Gordon's wonderful piece of life, 'the Provost of Peterhead,' the very essence of Scotch sagacity and humour. Here, too, is Gilbert's beautiful portrait of Sir John himself, in a court-dress; here, too, the exquisite 'Dr Wardlaw' of Macnee. To any one conversant with the works of modern artists, it is like a meeting with old friends—old friends, many of whom have been for years lost to sight, imprisoned in distant private galleries or otherwise; here miraculously, and past hope, brought together before our eyes again, all as pleasant to look on and converse with as ever. If so enjoyable in recognition to the simple public, how much more so must many of these pictures be to their authors! It is one of the sad conditions of a painter's life that the cherished work of his talents leaves him; and only too glad is he when it does so, never perhaps to be seen by him more. Imagine the feelings of an artist on coming hither, and finding several of his most favourite pieces, parted with perhaps twenty years ago, and not since beheld even once, or expected ever to be seen again. The accomplishment of such reunions seems to us one of the most agreeable circumstances resulting from the exhibition.

The department of British historical portraiture, occupying the principal part of the side-walls of the nave, forms in itself a peculiar and unique exhibition which it would have been well to form, even if alone. It commences with portraits of Richard II. and Henry IV., and goes on through the three

succeeding centuries, bringing before us the principal royal and other personages who have figured in the more picturesque and romantic part of our history. Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, with the chief men of their courts, are largely illustrated. So are the family and court of Charles I., whose portrait by Mytens, going out to hunting with his queen and the dwarf Hudson, is an especial gem. There is a copious series of the frail beauties of the subsequent reign, painted by Lely. The chief ministers, warriors, and men of thought of the seventeenth and first half of the eighteenth centuries are here—and no small gratification it is to observe in them those particulars of complexion, colour of hair and eyes, which we look for in vain in the engravings of Houbraken and Lodge. In some instances, the portrait itself may be said to have a history. For example, that of Lord Falkland—the Falkland of Clarendon—full-length in a remarkably pale style, which, being in the possession of Horace Walpole, suggested to him the figure walking from the frame in his *Castle of Otranto*. As another instance, we have the identical picture of the Infanta of Spain which the Duke of Buckingham brought from Spain, to recommend her to the hand of the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles I. Still another—one of the celebrated portraits of the Kit-cat Club, painted for Jacob Tonson the bookseller, has been contributed by Tonson's representative, Mr Baker. The catalogue of this part of the collection has been prepared by Mr Peter Cunningham, with large benefit from his peculiar knowledge of English biographical anecdote, many of the articles having notes appended, briefly but judiciously pointing out some interesting particular as to the subject, the artist, the circumstances under which the portrait was painted, or its subsequent history. Thus, with reference to Jonathan Richardson's portrait of Matthew Prior the poet, a letter of Prior to Swift, dated May 1720, is quoted: 'Richardson has made an excellent picture of me, from whence Harley (whose it is) has a stamp taken by Vertue.' This little sentence, it will be observed, brings before us at once the satisfaction of the poet with the portrait, and the fact of its being done for his friend and political associate, the Earl of Oxford. In some instances, men historically connected with each other, are curiously brought together on these walls. Boswell figures beside his Johnson; Lockhart succeeds Gifford, as he did in the *Quarterly Review*. Between a pleasing pair of heads, Prince Charles and his Clementina Walkinshaw, stands a small full-length of Rob Roy, represented with his broad-sword in his hand, and his target on his arm, as he might have appeared at Sheriffmuir. There is a melancholy interest in the fates of many of the historical personages here depicted; and it is curious to cast the eye along the wall and say: 'Here is Charles I.—beheaded: here is his friend, the first Duke of Hamilton—beheaded: here is the Marquis of Huntly, a prince in his own land, and a steadfast friend of King Charles—alas! also beheaded. There is the Earl of Derby—beheaded. There is the Duke of Buckingham—assassinated. Here stands Hampden—fell in battle. Here is Cromwell, whose fate it was, after being virtually monarch of England, to be dragged from the grave, and hung on a gallows!' Not less impressive is it to turn to the many of comparatively little worth—self-indulgent, perhaps profligate—who lived through all their days in unmerited ease, and came to gentle deaths at last. We may hope that, in the larger catalogue which is preparing, we shall have the means of drawing many a moral reflection from this part of the exhibition, not to speak of the historical knowledge which, when duly treated, it is fitted to impart.

The two rows of statues, which line the central avenue in the nave, as examples of the modern British school of sculpture, may perhaps be thought limited

and deficient in variety; but they include several of the works which have made the greatest impression on the public. We need only mention Baily's 'Eve at the Fountain,' Calder Marshall's 'Ophelia,' Gibson's 'Narcissus,' Westmacott's 'Peri,' and Lawrence Macdonald's 'Bacchante,' to show the nature of the collection. Their effect as objects in the general view of the nave is extremely fine.

There remains to be noticed a department of the exhibition which would require an article to itself—indeed a volume might be written about it—and yet we can give it only a few sentences. This is the Museum, as it may well be called, of ornamental art, occupying a double series of glazed cases behind the rows of statues. The beautiful crystal articles which were made at Venice in the sixteenth century, curiously decorated with internal lace-work or the most exquisite outward carving—the rich porcelain of Holland and France—the superb goldsmith-work of the middle ages—the numberless kinds of decorated utensils and furniture which used then to adorn great mansions—the arms and armour of the heroes of those days—are all here largely exemplified. One may spend hours over a single case of these valuables, many of which are unique. We must not name a single specimen, for it would be simple injustice to the rest; but we cannot pass from the subject without remarking the liberality of the directors with reference to this section. M. Soulagès of Toulouse had devoted himself, some years ago, to the collecting of articles of ornamental art, chiefly in Italy, and he had been highly successful. Finding latterly the taste for such objects advancing, and their value increased, he offered his collection for sale. It was bought by a set of English gentlemen, who trusted that it might be finally taken off their hands by the English nation, with a view to the improvement of art in our country. Being disappointed in this hope, they were on the point of selling it off by auction, when the committee of the Art Treasures Exhibition came to the rescue, purchased the collection, and placed it here. For a time, then, the hammer of destiny is suspended: the Soulagès collection may yet be kept together.

And now, good friends, you know something of this great affair which has sprung up at Manchester. Live you near or far, we recommend you to try to pay it a visit. It is literally 'such an opportunity as rarely occurs;' indeed, it never occurred before in the world's history, and no one can say how many years or generations may pass before it can occur again. Let, then, no light obstacles stay you. Go—go with your wives and children—take with you all over whom you have any influence, to see, to study, to profit by this wonderful assemblage of the works of fictile genius. You will infallibly return wiser and better men.

PEASANT-LIFE IN SYRIA.

THE first dawn of day is ushered in by the cry of the goat's-milk vendors. 'Haleel il Gitchi' (milk of the goat) is the sure accompaniment to the clamour of early sparrows and equally noisy crows. We look out of the window, and see some half-dozen milch goats coming up the street, driven by a couple of village maidens, whose bare and dusty feet give indication of their having walked far before reaching the city-gate. If we had slept at their village last night—as we sometimes have done when travelling to and fro—we should have been awakened a good two hours before daybreak, by the bustle and noise in the household. In the first place, we had all slept under one roof, sometimes under one tent—the master and mistress; the sons and daughters; the stranger that chance may have thrown upon their hospitality; the old horse that carries produce to market, or fetches the weekly supply of fuel; the yoke of oxen the son

drives before him in the plough; the long-bearded goats that supply milk enough for the household, in addition to yielding a very fair return from the nearest market; the hens that give profit and food by their eggs—all these, besides the poor old donkey and the invaluable dog and cat. The good man of the house is therefore at no great expense in building chambers and bedrooms, stabling or pens for cattle; and his haylofts and warehouses are arranged upon a like economic principle. The house, which consists of four mud-walls, is of an oblong shape, with one central door and two small windows on either side of it. At intervals there are niches in the wall, which half-an-hour's labour might convert into windows; but the peasant has built his house with an eye to warmth and comfort in the winter. What does he care about the heat or the flies in summer—Ilhumel, ilallah! He has a court-yard paved with hard manure, and nearly ten yards wide; here, if the weather be oppressive, the daughter sweeps all up at sunset, and spreads a few mats; which mats first serve as a supper-table; are then taken up and shaken in the street, and being replaced, the mattresses are spread upon them for the night, and so the house is left entirely to its dumb occupants.

But to return to the structure of the building. The length of the room may be twenty feet; its breadth, twelve; its height, on a level with the side-walls, four feet; but the two end-walls rise considerably higher, and terminating in a cone, support the principal beam of the sloping roof, which is a thatched one. A brilliant idea struck the ancestors of our peasant some forty generations gone by; and it has been handed down from father to son, and acted upon by them all. No one but a *maynoon* (madman) would ever want to stand, or, at any rate, walk upright in his house; if he wants to do this, he can go out into the yard: he must be a tall man if that won't suit him. So argues our peasant; and as timber is cheap, he has laid several beams across from the side-walls, which, having planks laid loosely over them, with an aperture here and there, constitute an up-stairs loft, and are exceedingly beneficial during very heavy showers of rain, in keeping out some portion of the wet. Most houses in the East are not famous for their water-tight qualities. This loft is devoted to a great variety of useful purposes. Here is accumulated the winter-supply of fodder for the cattle; here also are warehoused onions, garlic, dried herbs, succulent roots, cheese, burghul,* figs, walnuts, dates, and other indispensable necessities of the peasant's domestic economy; here, moreover—at least so it is whispered by his spiteful neighbour, 'Hadji Phistook,' the *Salbund*†—the peasant is more than half suspected of owning concealed treasure; nearly a dozen gold pieces, wrapped up in as many folds of rags, and carefully stowed away under the thatch-work. This rumour probably owes its origin to the fact of the peasant never suffering any one to ascend into the loft, unless accompanied by himself. Upon such occasions, an old ladder is set up with great ceremony, and verses from the Koran quoted aloud. Furthermore, the peasant has been detected up there after midnight, when all the rest of the family were supposed to be asleep. We are bound, however, to give full credit to his own explanation of his anxiety to keep intruders from the loft. None of the planks being nailed down, he is fearful that the women or children, by carelessly stepping on the ledge, might overbalance a plank, and entail destruction on a month's provisions—to say nothing of broken limbs, and so forth.

Well, we are supposed to have passed the night under such a roof. I would not compromise fact by saying

that it has been a comfortable night for ourselves; not being accustomed to such strange bed-fellows, this could hardly be expected; but the peasant and his family have enjoyed invigorating and undisturbed rest, and so, after their own fashion, have the other occupants of the hut. It is somewhat past four a.m., and the cocks of the establishment, which with the hens, as is their wont, have roosted in the loft, smell the morning, and forthwith crow vehemently. This is the signal for the eldest daughter to bestir herself; when she wakens her mother and sisters; and these women begin in earnest to set about the business of the day. The men are permitted to sleep for an hour longer, and the children as long as they can; they are hungry and clamorous when they awake, and only impede the progress of work.

One girl devotes herself to the goats: first of all, the kids are allowed to suckle, more to encourage the flow of milk than for their own sustenance, for they have barely had a mouthful or two, before they are dragged away and penned up somewhere in the court-yard. Then two or three goats are fully milked for the immediate use of the household; these are separated from the remainder, and will go out to pasturage with the kids by and by. Meanwhile one has been gathering up the unoccupied mattresses, which she carries away and hides in a recess; another has swept up as much of the floor as she can get at; a third gives fodder to the oxen, the horse, and the donkey; a fourth lights the fire and prepares the morning meal, consisting principally of boiled goat's-milk, for the household; and a fifth sits down and kneads the bread for the afternoon's consumption. When all these little tasks have been accomplished, the peasant himself wakes up, and shouts lustily to his son that another day of heat and labour has commenced. The son, yawning and stretching himself, unwillingly obeys the summons: his first care is the cattle, and he rubs these down with a wisp of straw; then he opens the door, and looks out sleepily, more than half persuaded that he has been called at midnight instead of early dawn. The cool breeze and the stream of dull light that pour in convince him he is in error; wherefore, to make amends for his loitering, he hurries on the breakfast, and, so as not to lose time, commences an onslaught on whatever may be ready.

All the cocks and hens fly down screaming with delight from their roosts, and rush through the open door into the welcome day. There they are very noisy over their early scratching; and one old cock, who is the pink of gallantry, cackles mightily to his twenty wives over some unhappy grab that his sharp claws have brought to light. The old man seats himself with his morning pipe, soliloquising possibly on the mutability of human affairs. Here is he, Alley Ben Ahmed, who only twenty years ago was an out-of-door lad in a cottage not half as big as his own. By perseverance and toil he has accumulated quite a fortune. His own house, his own wife and children, his goats, his poultry, his cattle, and his—No, no; he has no hidden store; he won't admit that fact, be it ever so well established. The contentment of his face might betray it to some wealthy neighbour—some Turkish official. The idea is horrible, and he instantly relapses into the groaning, oppressed, ill-used vassal, you would suppose him to be, if you saw him only in the streets.

Presently, after the morning ablutions have been carefully attended to, the family eat heartily of this frugal fare; then the two elder girls, armed with milk-pots and a switch apiece, drive the goats before them, and take their way to the distant town, where, if they are early and punctual, they may count upon earning a pretty good supply of piastres. But you have no conception of the difficulties these girls have to overcome, even after they have entered the streets of the

* Ground boiled wheat.

† Native farrier.

town. In the first place, the path they have to follow takes them out of the village, right away over an extensive heath, where brambles and briers grow luxuriantly, and where, as a natural result, it requires no little running about and screaming, no mild infliction of their switches, to induce the goats to keep together or to go ahead at all: they have a natural propensity to briers, and will stray on every available opportunity. Not a few thorns do these poor girls pick out of their feet, when compelled to run in amongst the heather to drive back some obstinate animal. But they are used to this kind of work; and the naked soles of their feet, from constant exposure, are as hard as ordinary shoe-leather. Eventually, the city-gates are reached, and as the general dust-heap is the centre of the streets, the poor goats have great temptations held out to them in the shape of melon-rinds, cabbage-stalks, and other garbage, all which they will persist in investigating, despite the threats of the two damsels. The goats stop as naturally from the instinct of habit opposite the doors of regular customers; what remains of the milk is disposed of in the market-place; and by eight o'clock the two maidens are driving their flock homeward again; the goats trotting all the way, although the heat is already intense, and the flies an insufferable plague; and so the poor girls reach home out of breath and weary, and, seated on the shady side of their hut, hand over the morning's gains to their father, exacting, as each coin is doled out, a renewed promise from the old man about red shoes for the approaching festival.

But whilst these have been absent, what has been going on in the village? In the first place, the peasant has had his morning survey of the loft, for the purpose of handing down to his careful spouse the daily rations for household consumption, which done, he places the ladder on the roof of some outhouses, far beyond the reach of the women. He then goes to the village coffee-house, which is not much of a building, being nothing more or less than a large tree in the centre of the village, with a thatched cover suspended from its boughs, and rough wooden benches round its roots. Here are congregated all the worthies, inclusive of the Salbund, who has a couple of nags to shoe for the kekiah. The compliments of the morning are interchanged, coffee drank, and then the benches are cleared away and the place converted into a magistrate's office, till close upon mid-day. There are seldom many cases to occupy the court. One or two minor felonies of eggs, a charge or two of assault, and the calendar is closed. Then the kekiah and the elders pass the time in playing backgammon and talking politics. Sometimes there are large committee meetings to discuss the iniquities of some fresh imposed tax; but however important the subject may be, the parties disperse just before noon, and return to their respective homes for their mid-day meal, which is a substantial one, qualified with large draughts of cold spring-water.

But whilst the head of the house has been absent, the women indoors have had no sinecure. The whole place, inside and outside, has been swept and well purified with water, the windows have been thrown wide open, the fire indoors has been extinguished, and lit out in the yard; the hens have been driven into a hen-house, and have noisily proclaimed every addition to the stock of eggs; the children have been stuffed to repletion, washed, and turned out into the fields to play; the youngest girl has been to the butcher's, and brought home the scraggy-looking joint of an ancient ram, which is forthwith mashed up in a pestle and mortar, and transformed into their much-liked koobays. Another girl has been to the kitchen-gardens—for all the peasants have little spots cultivated near their fields—and though the winter is on the ground, seed-time and harvest gone by,

there is abundance of onion-tops and wild marsh-mallow; and these two cooked together, and then fried in fresh butter, constitute a savoury and a wholesome repast. But in addition to this, there are the burghul and the khibies, the pickled chillies, cucumbers and turnips; the beekmege and dried fruits by way of dessert, so that the whole family has a substantial repast. The mother cooks for the whole family. The eldest daughter takes a large earthen jar, which she fills with milk, and then hermetically closes; seating herself with this between her knees, she shakes it to and fro for a good hour and a half, by which time the butter is produced, and her arms ache again with fatigue. Another daughter turns laundress, for the extent of their wardrobe is limited to a single change, and they are consequently obliged to wash every alternate day. And a very astonishing lot of linen is hung out to dry in the court-yard: papa's inexpressibles, which are only ten yards wide, ever so many folds; baby's toggery, which, like Joseph's coat of old, presents a remarkable mixture of colours and patchwork; and many other strange-shaped garments. The third daughter has been up to her eyes in needlework—just putting a few fresh patches into the brother's everyday coat. And when all these have done their respective tasks, a heavy shadow falls upon the entrance-door, and the old man walks in hot and hungry. Two minutes afterwards, the son drives in his yoke of oxen, and deposits his plough against the court-yard wall. The oxen lie down in the shade and ruminate. The son, who is exceedingly exhausted, washes his hands, and feet, and face, and then sits down to dinner with an appetite worthy of an alderman—in this respect, they are all pretty well off—and having dined, the dishes are washed up, and the mats shaken. The two men fill their pipes, and sit under the shadiest wall; the wife fetches them out a pillow apiece; and half an hour afterwards, when the heat of the day is intense, all the family go into the house, and closing doors and windows, enjoy an afternoon siesta.

It is good two hours after mid-day when the family are astir again. Then the son goes back to his work, and the old man loads his horse with a few bushels of wheat, which he intends carrying to a neighbouring village, to barter for cotton and other stuffs necessary for household uses. He drives the horse before him, and bestrides the donkey himself; and, as he may be several hours away, all the neighbours turn out to see the old man off, and wish him as many good wishes as though he were going a journey of a hundred miles instead of two.

The younger girls go out to look after the goats and kids. The elder one carries her butter to the town she visited in the morning, where she leaves it with a shopkeeper who always buys her produce. The children are sent to an afternoon school, where a fierce old mufti in goggles teaches them, with a very nasal twang, selections from the Koran.

The sun sets in the west; larks and feathered songsters gather together in the hedges, where the peasant's son has been ploughing wearily through the sultry afternoon, and they wake up echoes far and wide as they raise their grateful vespers for the blessings of another day. The young man shoulders his plough, and driving the oxen before him, plods homeward for supper and rest. The anxious children catch a glimpse of the old man coming in the distance, and they shout lustily, for there are sweetmeats in perspective. The old horse is carefully rubbed down, the saddle-bags unpacked, and out of these come sugared almonds for all the youngsters, who are in perfect ecstasies at the treat; but, above all, there are the promised red shoes for the two daughters, who have worked well and bravely, and merited the prize. The supper is partaken of in the open court-yard. The cocks and hens,

the dog and cat, all assist at this meal; the former committing frequent felonies on the portions of the smaller children. Darkness gathers around, and the peasant and his family retire for the day; they have all worked hard and wearily, and sleep needs no second courting to close their eyelids in healthy slumber.

A PHILOSOPHER EN ROBE DE CHAMBRE.

At the time famous Professor Scaliger was prelecting at Leyden University—that marsh among the marshes, as he pleasantly terms it—it came to pass that two young gentlemen of the family of Vassan presented themselves one morning before him. They were but newly arrived, and bore letters from their mother praying for them the advice and countenance of the terrible critic. They were also fortified with introductions to Casaubon and other magnates of the university, whose attentions were perhaps limited to the scanty measure that has found favour with ‘dons’ of all countries and all ages. But the grim professor soon took a fancy to the young men. They were eager and respectful listeners, and soon came to be privileged with what is known as the run of the house. They were to be met there at all hours of the day. At meals, and after meals—all through the long evenings they sat and hearkened while the professor spoke on, and, like Coleridge, delighted exceedingly in the sound of his own accents.

It is not to be supposed that our demure students were idle all this time. While the unconscious philologist was holding forth upon men, manners, books, everything, in short, it never entered into his head that the listeners at his feet were playing the same rôle as Boswell had done in Bolt Court, or O’Meara at St Helena, and the Rev. Mr Dyce so lately at Samuel Rogers’s breakfast-parties. When he had been pouring forth, for hours together, all his secret griefs, his little animosities, his vindictive epithets, and nick-names, he little dreamed that the simple, open-mouthed chiefs before him were takin’ notes—mentally, at least—which that same night would be written down against him in the retirement of an upper chamber. Poor Professor Scaliger! how he would have stormed and raved, and showered on them his favourite epithets of *fool*, *fat*, and *ane*!

When they had run their academic course, the young men went forth upon the world, bearing with them in their mails a certain manuscript volume filled in the questionable manner we have described. It was not to be doubted that, having sat at the feet of so great a man, they would turn out shining lights in their generation. But soon an ugly rumour was noised abroad; soon a grievous scandal was wafted across the marshes to the walls of Leyden. The two chosen ones had proved but rotten branches after all, and had fallen away from the true faith. Worse than that, one had assumed the cowl in a monastery near Paris, where for years after he was visited by the curious and the learned.

Later, it was whispered about that there was in existence a volume of the great man’s sayings and opinions—of most piquant flavour—and lying perdu somewhere in Paris. Instantly the whole world of savans and bibliophiles became wild with excitement. It was begged, borrowed, greedily devoured, passed from hand to hand, and, as it afterwards appeared, often transcribed; and not very long after, an intelligent pirate at La Haye—in those days, a famous Riff station for pirate booksellers—issued a neat hot-pressed edition, bearing title, *Scaligerana*.

A strange book it is, written in a composite dialect, half French, half Latin. A singular kind of *argot* is the result, which is not, however, without a certain

force and nervousness characteristic of the man. Let us now suppose him seated with his two admiring pupils at his feet, and ready for a long, quiet evening. True, outside it is not altogether so quiet; for, as he once sorrowfully told them: ‘In this place every one may disturb his next neighbour with impunity. They come and riot under my very windows, and I can do nothing to stop them.’ [Where were the proctors?] ‘Even on fast-days, they drink all day long, even from sunrise.’ With all these *désagréments*, he is pretty well contented with the university. The only drawback is the loss of all his teeth—no doubt owing to the marshes. This was the more provoking, that there was to be seen in the town a stately dame who was fully ninety-nine years old, and yet boasted a handsome set. But why not have recourse to the cunning artist who fitted the Italian nobleman with a fine ivory set in gold mountings? True, he would have to take them out at meal-times, which was an objection; and when he spoke, he would have to be putting his hand continually to his mouth to prevent their falling out, which was a further objection. So, perhaps, on the whole, he was quite as well off as the Italian nobleman.

The great scholar, albeit so devoted to his books, had travelled and had met with a few incidents worth noting. He had seen Mary Queen of Scots, whom he rapturously allows to have been *une belle créature*. He had had an interview with the great Henry of Navarre, who had been pleased to make him the following remark: ‘Hold your tongue, monsieur; you don’t know what you are talking about.’ He took a peep into the royal library, and found the romance of *Amadis* reposing between Plato and Aristotle. Of his queen, too, he has something to tell. A certain *Sieur de Montpensat*, who was a paragon of impudence (*le plus glorieux vilain*), met her at the baths of Béarn. ‘The queen said to him: “If I did not hold in all honour the king of France, your master, I should drive you from my domains sooner than you wot of!”’ Said he: “Madame, I need not go far for that.” Then she: “Begone, sir, this instant!”’ For this smart repartee, his own uncle volunteered to put him to death; but the queen generously interfered. Indeed, there appears to have been in those days a rather summary mode of dealing with all offences. Thus, one unfortunate, named *Spifame*, was publicly executed for having been so indiscreet as to take a lady into his house whose husband happened to be still living. When he himself was at Geneva, a frail fair one was put to death by drowning. ‘She was very pretty, and a brunette,’ he adds. ‘All the ministers cried hard over her.’ So M. de la Tremblay told me, for I had not the heart to go and see the execution.’ However, he once went to look at two men broken on the wheel, ‘one of whom spat out as far as any other man could do, laughing heartily all the time at his companion, who was screaming under the blows.’ He seems to have had a morbid fancy for this subject, and is curious in scaffold lore. Thus: ‘There was an executioner at Geneva called *Maistre Louis*, who was no other than a noble gentleman of Savoy, who had taken to this craft to spite his brothers, who had kept him out of his inheritance.’ The *Bordeaux Calcraft* had grown so skilful from long practice, ‘that very often the head remained upon the shoulders even after the blow!’ The gentleman who filled that office at Paris was quite as dexterous; he had only to let his sword drop carelessly, and the head and trunk were parted. At Venice, they had something very like the guillotine. ‘The criminal places his head upon a block, and upon the back of his neck is laid a blade of iron, very sharp and heavy. It is then struck smartly with a hammer, and the head is severed like a piece of wood.’

It is impossible not to suspect the great critic of a

little weakness for the good things of this life. How he yearns after the flesh-pots of Chambéry! 'O what good cheer,' he says, 'we had in that town! Bread, wine, fish, all of the best! but the attendance, only indifferent. O the excellent wine, bread, and fish they eat at Chambéry. Far better cheer there than at Geneva! In no part of the world have I seen a market to compare with it—plenty of everything!' At Bordeaux they have excellent wheaten bread. The Gascons make delicious bread. Still Bordeaux must, on the whole, give way to Périgueux. There, the living is admirable; and also at Agen, far better than at Bordeaux. Still Périgueux had its drawback. There are spots upon the sun, and the cloth table-linen was not of the cleanest; so that, perhaps, it is to the Grande Chartreuse that he looks back with fondest regret; for there they live on claret and white wines, and serve up astounding omelets of a hundred eggs each! Languedoc, too, is a land running with milk and honey; for there is to be found the best oil in the world; not your common nut-oil, which, though used in the king's kitchen for dressing fricassees, still wants the delicate flavour of the Languedoc virgin oil with which they season their exquisite soups. Discoursing in another place on mutton, he once more fondly recurs to Languedoc, where it is unsurpassed. It seems there is a peculiar flavour about the Languedoc mutton owing to the sheep being fed upon thyme. 'O what delicious eating!' he exclaims with rapture. The university mutton was only pretty good; it had a disagreeable hircine taste, which could only be got rid of by keeping it a long time in pickle. But of all dishes in the world, commend him to a green goose and garlic! This he pronounces fare for a king!

The great scholar had a smart trenchant way of disposing of those who ventured to differ with him. For instance, a certain man of the name of Snellius, 'came once to tell me that I was all astray in not reckoning dates after his method. I soon sent him about his business, with this answer: "Aas! why should I reckon dates after your method?"' This was like Mr Willet's manner of tackling Solomon Daisy.

An author, bearing the singular name of Popma, is thus despatched: 'Popma has written wretchedly on Varro. O what miserable criticism that of Popma! With all he has written, he has only just been gathering so much dirt! What a butt I made of him at Geneva!'

Poor Popma. The Emperor Rodolph is an utter hog; a certain Robertelli is found to be an ass, a beast, and a grand *ratisseur*; while the Jesuits are, one and all, written down asses, fools, pedants, *fats*, devils incarnate.

One night the professor saw a ghost! He shall tell the story himself. 'Devils,' he says, 'only shew themselves to poor weak souls. They would take good care of coming near me, for I would destroy them, every one of them. When they appear to sorcerers, they take the shape of a goat, on which account I never eat of goat's flesh. My father never was afraid of the devil, neither am I. He used to say that the devil was afraid to come near him. One night I saw a black man mounted on a black horse standing in the middle of a bog, and my horse was just following him, as I was dozing in the saddle. Count Dabin and some others were on a good way before, whilst I had lingered a little behind. I called out to the dark man: he made me no answer. My horse was just in the bog, and if I had not been very sharp, I should assuredly have been lost. I dragged him back just in time. The others heard my cries; and the whole of that night—for seven entire hours—we wandered about. The devil often decoys men into marshes with a view to their destruction. My belief is, that this was a judgment on us, because one of our party was a dreadful blasphemer.' Perhaps, looking at the

late hour of the night, and the strange fact of his being asleep upon his horse, it might be possible to offer a simpler but more profane solution of the whole business.

When he was in London, he was greatly astonished at seeing the bridge all stuck over with human heads and quarters as thick as the masts of the ships. He found there twelve excellent libraries. There were some good books among them, he allows, especially historical manuscripts. They had printed a catalogue of these latter; but, as usual, omitted about ten times as much as they printed. He had heard of the Bodleian, and passes judgment on it in this fashion: 'There was a certain knight who presented a famous library to Oxford. It was worth about L.40,000. He must have been a rich man. I say I have looked over the catalogue: they are nearly all ordinary books.' The doctrine as to literary *meum* and *tuum* was very lax in those days; at least, M. du Puy's conduct must be deemed questionable. 'O Pierre du Puy, what a good creature that was! He used to write to me such a store of things I was so anxious to know about. M. du Puy carried off some manuscripts from an abbey in this way; while some kept the door-keeper in conversation, others were lowering the books from a window where there were people waiting to receive them.'

But it is full time to let the ancient scholar depart in peace.

THE WAR-TRAIL: A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER LXXVII.—THE WRITING ON THE MAGNET.

The skill of the trackers was no longer called in need; the war-trail was as easily followed as a toll-road: a blind man could have guided himself along such a well-trodden highway.

Our rate of speed was now ruled by the capacity of our horses. Alas! their power was nearly at an end. They had been two days and a night under the saddle, with but a few hours to refresh themselves by food or rest: they could not hold out much longer.

One by one they began to lag, until the greater number of them followed with tottering step hundreds of yards in the rear.

It was in vain to contend against nature. The men were still willing, though they too were wearied to death; but their horses were quite done up—even whip and spur could force them no further. Only my own matchless steed could have continued the journey. Alone I might have advanced, but that would have been madness. What could I have accomplished alone?

Night was fast coming down: it was already twilight. I saw by the clouded sky we should have no moon. We might follow the trail with our waxen torches—not yet burnt out—but that would no longer be safe. For myself, I was reckless enough to have risked life in any way, but the lives of my comrades were not mine. I could not give them—I should not wastefully fling them away.

Reluctantly I glided from my saddle, gave my steed to the grass, and sat down upon the earth. My followers coming up, said not a word, but picketing their horses, seated themselves around me. One by one they stretched themselves along the sward, and in ten minutes all were asleep.

I alone could not sleep; the fever of unrest was upon me; the demon of thought would not let me close my eyes. Though my orbs ached with the long protracted vigil, I thought that 'not all the drowsy syrups of the world' could have given repose to my nerves at that moment. I felt as one who suffers under delirium, produced by the intoxicating cup,

the fearful *mania-a-potu*. I could neither sleep nor rest.

I could not even remain seated. I rose to my feet and wandered around, without heed of where I was going. I strode over the recumbent forms of my sleeping companions; I went among the horses; I paced backwards and forwards along the banks of the stream.

There was a stream—a small arroyo or rivulet. It was this that had caused me to halt in that particular spot; for wild as were my thoughts, I had enough of reason left to know that we could not encamp without water. The sight of the arroyo had decided my wavering resolution, and upon its banks, almost mechanically, I had drawn bridle and dismounted.

I once more descended to the bed of the stream, and, raising the water in the palms of my hands, repeatedly applied it to my lips and temples. The cool liquid refreshed me, and seemed to soothe both my nerves and my spirit. After a time, both felt calmer, and I sat down upon the bank, and watched for a while the clear rivulet rippling past over its bed of yellow sand and glistening pebbles of quartz. The water was perfectly diaphanous; and, though the sun was no longer shining, I could see tiny silver-fish, of the genus *Hyodon*, sporting themselves in the lowest depths of the pool. How I envied them their innocent gambols, their life of crystal purity and freedom! Here, in this remote prairie-stream, dwelt not the alligator, nor the ravenous garfish; here came no dolphin or shark to chase them, no tyrant of the waters to put them in fear. To be envied, indeed, such an *insouciant*, happy existence!

I watched them for a long while, till I thought that my eyes were growing heavy, and, after all, I might sleep. The murmur of the arroyo helped to increase this inclination to repose, and, perhaps, I might have slept; but at that moment chancing to look around, my eyes fell upon an object that again drove sleep far away, and I was soon as wakeful as ever.

Close to my elbow where I had seated myself grew a large plant of the Mexican aloe (*agave Americana*). It was the wild maguey, of course, but of a species with broad fleshy leaves of dark-green colour, somewhat resembling the maguey of cultivation. I noticed that one of the great blades of the plant was bruised down, and the spine, which had terminated it, torn off. All this would not have drawn my attention: I was already aware that the Indians had made a halt where we were encamped, and their sign was plenteous around—in the tracks of their animals, and the broken branches of trees. One of their horses or mules might have munched at the maguey in passing, and, viewing the bruised blade from a distance, I should have hazarded just such a conjecture. But my eyes were close to the plant, and, to my astonishment, I observed that there was *writing upon the leaf*!

I turned over upon my knees, and, seizing the huge blade, bent it down before me, so as to obtain a better view of its surface. I read:

'Captured by Comanches—a war-party—have many captives—women and children—ay de mi! pobres niñas! north-west from this place. Saved from death; alas! I fear!'

The writing ended abruptly. There was no signature, but it needed not that. I had no doubts about who was the writer; in fact, rude as was the chirography—from the materials used—I easily identified the hand. It was Isolina de Vargas who had written.

I saw that she had torn off the terminal spine, and using it as a stylus, had graven those characters upon the epidermis of the plant. Sweet subtle spirit! under any guise I could have recognised its outpourings.

'Saved from death'—thank Heaven for that!—'alas!'

I fear! Oh, what feared she? Was it worse than death? that terrible fate—too terrible to think of?

She had broken off without finishing the sentence. Why had she done so? The sheet was broad—would have held many more words—why had she not written more? Did she dread to tell the cause of her fear? or had she been interrupted by the approach of some of her tyrant captors? O merciful Heaven! save me from thought!

I re-read the words over and over: there was nothing more. I examined the other leaves of the plant—on both sides, concave and convex, I examined them—not a word more could I find: it was all she had written.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

THE SOUTHERN SAVAGE.

I need not tell how deeply I was affected by the unexpected communication. All at once were decided a variety of doubts; all at once was I made aware of the exact situation.

Isolina still lived—that was no longer doubtful; and the knowledge produced joy. More than this: she was still uninjured—able to think, to act, to write—not only living, but well. The singular 'billet' was proof of all this. Another point—her hands must have been free—her hands at least, else how could she have traced those lines? and with such a pencil? It argued indulgence or tender treatment on the part of her captors.

Another point yet. *She knew I was in pursuit.* She had seen me, then, as I galloped after. It was her cry I had heard as the steed dashed into the chapparal. She had recognised me, and called back. She knew I would still be following; she knew I was following, and for me was the writing meant. Sweet subtle spirit!

Once more I devoured the welcome words; but my heart grew heavy as I pondered over them. What had caused her to break off so abruptly? What was it her intention to have said? Of what was she in fear? It was my conjecture about this that caused the heaviness upon my heart. I gave way to horrid imaginings.

Naturally my thoughts reverted to her captors; naturally I reflected upon the character of the prairie savage—so different from that of the forest Indian, opposite as is the aspect of their homes, and perhaps influenced by this very cause, though there are many others. Climate—contact with Spanish civilisation, so distinct from Saxon—the horse—conquest over white foes—concubinage with white and beautiful women, the daughters of the race of Andalusia: all these have combined to produce in the southern Indian a spiritual existence that more resembles Andalusia than England—more like to Mexico than Boston or New York.

There is not so much difference between Paris and the prairies, between the *habitué* of the Bal Mabille and the horse-Indian of the plains. No cold ascetic this—no romantic savage, alike celebrated for silence and continence—but a true voluptuary, gay of thought and free of tongue, amorous, salacious, immoral. In nine cases out of ten, the young Comanche is a boastful Lothario as any *flâneur* that may be met upon the Boulevards; the old, a lustful sinner—women the idol of both. Women is the constant theme of their conversation, their motive for every act. For them they throw the prairie dice; for them they race their swift mustangs. To win them, they paint in hideous guise; to buy them, they steal horses; to capture them, they go to war!

And yet, with all their wanton love, they are true tyrants to the sex. Wife they have none—for it would be sheer sacrilege to apply this noble title to the 'squaw' of a Comanche. Mistress is scarcely a fitter

term—rather say *slave*. Hers is a hard lot indeed: hers it is to hew the wood and draw the water; to strike the tent and pitch it; to load the horse and pack the dog; to grain the skin and cure the meat; to plant the maize, the melon, squash; to hoe and reap them; to wait obsequious on her lounging lord, anticipate his whim or wish, be true to him, or lose her ears or nose—for such horrid forfeiture is, by Comanche custom, the punishment of conjugal infidelity!

But hard as is the lot of the native wife, harder still is that of the white captive. 'Tis hers to endure all the ills enumerated, with still another—the hostility of the squaw herself. The white captive is truly the slave of a slave, the victim of a treble antipathy—of race, of colour, of jealousy. Ofttimes is she beaten, abused, mutilated; and rarely does the apathetic lord interfere to protect her from this feminine but fiendlike persecution.

These were not imaginings; they were not fancies begot in my own brain. Would they had been so! Too well did I know they were facts—horrid realities.

Can you wonder that sleep was shaken from my eyelids?—that I could not think of rest or stay, till I had delivered my loved one—my betrothed—from the danger of such a destiny?

All thought of sleep was banished—even weariness forsook me. I felt fresh as if I had slept; my nerves were strung for emprise. It was excitement renewed by what I had read—the impatience of a new and keen apprehension.

I would have mounted and gone forward, spurning rest and sleep; regardless of danger, would I have followed; but what could I do alone?

Ay, and what with my few followers? Ha! I had not thought of this; up to that moment, I had not put this important question, and I had need to reflect upon the answer. What if we should overtake this band of brigands? Booty-laden as they were, and cumbered with captives, surely we could come up with them, by night or by day; but what then? Ay, what then?

There were nine of us, and we were in pursuit of a war-party of at least one hundred in number!—one hundred braves armed and equipped for battle—the choice warriors of their tribe—flushed with late success, and vengeful against ourselves on account of former defeat. If conquered, we need look for no mercy at their hands; if conquered—how could it be otherwise? Nine against a hundred! How could we conquer?

Up to this moment, I had not thought of the result; I was borne along by only one impulse—the idea of overtaking the steed, and rescuing his rider from her perilous situation. It was only within the hour that her peril had assumed a new phase; only an hour since we had learned that she had escaped from one danger to be brought within the influence of another.

At first had I felt joy, but the feeling was of short existence. I recognised in the new situation a greater peril than that she had outlived. She had been rescued from death to become the victim of dishonour!

CHAPTER LXXIX.

A SUBTERRANEAN FIRE.

In the midst of my meditations, night descended upon the earth. It promised to be a moonless night. A robe of sable clouds formed a sombre lining to the sky, and through this neither moon nor stars were visible.

It grew darker apace, until in the dim light I could scarcely distinguish the forms of my companions—neither men nor horses, though both were near me. The men were still asleep, stretched along the grass in various attitudes, like so many bodies upon a battlefield. The horses were too hungry to sleep—the constant 'crop-crop' told that they were greedily browsing

upon the sward of gramma-grass that, by good-fortune, grew luxuriantly around. This would be the best rest for them, and I was glad to think that this splendid provender would in a few hours recruit their strength. It was the *chondrosium faneum*, the favourite food of horses and cattle, and in its effects upon their condition almost equal to the bean or the oat. I knew it would soon freshen the jaded animals, and make them ready for the road. At least in this there was some consolation.

Notwithstanding the preoccupation of my thoughts, I began to be sensible of a physical discomfort, which, despite their low latitude, is often experienced upon the southern prairies—cold. A chill breeze had set in with the night, which in half an hour became a strong and violent wind, increasing in coldness as in strength.

In that half-hour the thermometer must have fallen at least fifty Fahrenheit degrees; and such a phenomenon is not rare upon the plains of Texas. The wind was the well-known 'norther,' which often kills both men and animals that chance to be exposed to its icy breath.

I have endured the rigour of a Canadian winter—have crossed the frozen lakes—have slept upon a snow-wreath amidst the wild wastes of Rupert's Land; but I cannot remember cold more intensely chilling than that I have suffered in a Texan norther. This extreme does not arise from the absolute depression of the thermometer—which at least is but a poor indicator of either heat or cold—I mean the sensation of either. It is more probably the contrast arising from the sudden change—the exposure—the absence of proper clothing or shelter—the state of the blood—with other like circumstances, that cause both heat and cold to be more sensibly felt.

I had oftentimes experienced the chill blast of the norther, but never more acutely than upon that night. The day had been sweltering hot—the thermometer at noon ranging about the one-hundredth degree, while in the first hour of darkness it could not have been far above the twentieth. Had I judged by my sensations, I should have put it even lower. Certainly it had passed the freezing-point, and sharp sleet and hail were borne upon the wings of the wind.

With nerves deranged from want of rest and sleep—after the hot day's march—after the perspiration produced by long exposure upon the heated surface of the burnt prairie—I perhaps felt the cold more acutely than I should otherwise have done. My blood seemed to stagnate and freeze within my veins.

I was fain to wrap around my body a buffalo-robe, which some careless savage had dropped upon the trail. My followers were not so well furnished; starting as we had done, without any thought of being absent for the night, no preparation had been made for camping out. Only a portion of them chanced to have their blankets strapped upon the cantles of their saddles; these were now the fortunate ones.

The norther had roused all of them from their slumbers—had awaked them as suddenly as a douche of cold water would have done; and one and all were groping about in the darkness—some seeking for their blankets, some for such shelter as was afforded by the lee-side of the bushes. Fortunately there were saddle-blankets, and these were soon dragged from the backs of the horses. The poor brutes themselves suffered equally with their owners; they stood cowering under the cold, with their hips to the cutting blast, their limbs drawn close together, and their flanks shaggy and shivering. Some half sheltered themselves behind the bushes, scarce caring to touch the grass at their feet.

It would have been easy enough to make a fire; there was dry wood in plenty near the spot, and of the best kind for burning—the large species of mezquite. Some of the men were for kindling fires at once,

regardless of consequences; but this design was overruled by the more prudent of the party. The trappers were strongly against it. Cold as was the night, and dark, they knew that neither the norther nor the darkness would deter Indians from being abroad. A party might be out upon the prowl; the very buffalo-skin we had picked up might bring a squad of them back; for it was the grand robe of some brave or chief, whose whole life-history was delineated in hieroglyphical painting upon its inner surface. To have made a fire, might have cost us our lives; so alleged the trappers, Rube and Garey. It would be better to endure the cold, than risk our scalps; so counselled they.

But for all that, Rube had no idea of being starved to death: he could kindle a fire, and burn it upon an open prairie, without the least fear of its being seen; and in a few minutes' time he had succeeded in making one that could not have been discovered by the most sharp-sighted Indian in creation. I had watched the operation with some interest.

He first collected a quantity of dead leaves, dry grass, and short sticks of the mezquite-tree—all of which he placed under his saddle-blanket, to prevent the rain and sleet from wetting them. This done, he drew out his bowie-knife, and with the blade 'crowed' a hole into the turf about a foot deep, and ten inches or a foot in diameter. In the bottom of this hole he placed the grass and leaves, having first ignited them by means of his flint, steel, and 'punk' tinder, all of which implements formed part of the contents of Rube's pouch and possible sack—ever present. On the top of the now blazing leaves and grass he placed the dry sticks—first the smaller ones, and then those of larger dimensions—until the hole was filled up to the brim—and over all he laid the piece of turf, originally cut from the surface, and which fitted as neatly as a lid.

His furnace being now finished, the trapper 'hunkered' down close to its edge—in such a position as to embrace the fire between his thighs, and have it nearly under him. He then drew his old blanket over his shoulders, allowing it to droop behind until he had secured it under the salient points of his lank angular hips. In front he passed the blanket over his knees, and both ends reaching the ground, were gripped tightly between his toes. The contrivance was complete; and there sat the old trapper like a handglass over a plant of spring rhubarb, a slight smoke oozing through the apertures of the scant blanket, and curling up around his 'ears' as though he was hatching upon a hotbed. But no fire could be seen, and Rube shivered no longer.

He soon found imitators. The young trapper had already constructed a similar furnace; and the others were soon warming themselves by this simple but ingenious device.

I did not disdain to avail myself of the extra 'shaft' which the kind-hearted Garey had sunk for my accommodation; and having placed myself by its side, and drawn the ample robe over my shoulders, I felt as warm as if seated in front of a sea-coal fire.

Under other circumstances, I might have joined in the merriment produced in my companions by the ludicrous spectacle which we presented—a comic spectacle indeed; nine of us squatted at intervals over the ground, the blue smoke escaping through the interstices of our robes and blankets, and rising around our heads, as though one and all of us were on fire!

Wind, sleet, and darkness continued throughout the whole night—cold wind, sharp icy sleet, and black darkness, that seemed palpable to the touch. Ever so eager, ever so fresh, we could not have advanced along the trail. Grand war-trail as it was, it could not have been traced under that amorphous obscurity, and we had no means of carrying a light, even had this

been safe. We had no lantern, and the norther with one blast would have whisked out a torch of pitch-pine.

We thought no more of going forward, until either the day should break or the wind come to a lull.

At midnight we replenished our subterranean fires, and remained on the ground. Hail, rain, wind, and darkness. My companions rested their heads upon their knees, or nodding slept. No sleep for me—not even the repose of thought. Like some fevered sufferer on his wakeful couch, I counted the hours—the minutes. The minutes seemed hours.

Rain, hail, sleet, and wind seemed, like darkness itself, to belong to the night. As long as night lasted, so long continued they. When it came to an end, all vanished together—the norther had exhausted its strength.

A wild turkey—killed before nightfall—with some steaks of the peccary-pork, furnished us with an ample breakfast. It was hastily cooked, and hastily eaten; and as the first streak of dawn appeared along the horizon, we were in our saddles, and advancing upon the trail.

CHAPTER LXXX.

A RED EPISTLE.

The trail led north-west, as written upon the maguery. No doubt Isolina had heard her captors fore-speak their plans. I knew that she herself understood something of the Comanche language. The accomplishment may appear strange, and not strange either, when it is known that her mother could have spoken it well: with her it was a *native tongue*.

But even without this knowledge she might still have learned the designs of the savages—for these southern Comanches are accomplished linguists; many of them can speak the beautiful language of Andalusia! There was a time when a portion of the tribe submitted to the teaching of the mission padres; besides, a few among them might boast—which they do not—of Iberian blood!

No doubt, the captive in their midst had overheard them discussing their projects.

We had ridden about two hours, when we came upon the ground where the Indians had made their night-camp. We approached it warily and with stealth, for we were now travelling with great caution. We had need. Should a single savage, straggling behind, set eyes upon us, we might as well be seen by the whole band. If discovered upon the war-trail, our lives would not be worth much. Some of us might escape; or if all, at least our plan would be completely frustrated.

I say plan, for I had formed one. During the long vigil of the night, my thoughts had not been idle, and a course of action I had traced out, though it was not yet fully developed in my mind. Circumstances might yet alter it, or aid me in its execution.

We approached their night-encampment, then, warily and with stealth. The smoke of its smouldering fires pointed out the place, and warned us from afar. We found it quite deserted—the gaunt wolf and coyote alone occupying the ground, disputing with each other possession of the hide and bones of a horse—the debris of the Indian breakfast.

Had we not known already, the trappers could have told by the sign of the camp to what tribe the Indians belonged. There were still standing the poles of a tent—only one—doubtless the lodge of the head-chief. The poles were temporary ones—saplings cut from the adjacent thicket. They were placed in a circle, and meeting at the top, were tied together with a piece of thong, so that, when covered, the lodge would have exhibited the form of a perfect cone. This we knew was the fashion of the Comanche tent.

'Ef 't hed 'a been Kickapoo,' said Rube, who took the opportunity of displaying his knowledge, 'th'ud 'a bent thur poles in'ard, so's to make a sort o' a roun top, d'ee see; an ef 't hed 'a been Wacoos or Witcheetoes, th'ud 'a left a hole at the top, to let out thur smoke. Delawurs an Shawnee wud 'a hed tents, jest like whites; but thet ur ain't thur way o' makin a fire. In a Shawnee fire, the logs 'ud 'a been laid wi' one eend turned in an the tother turned out, jest like the star on a Texas flag, or the spokes o' a wagon-wheel. Likeways Cherokee an Choctaw wud 'a hed reg'lar tents, but thur fire wud 'a been alsew diff'rint. They'd 'a sot the logs paralell, side by side, an lit 'em only at one eend, an then pushed 'em up as fast as they burn'd. Thet's thur way. 'Ee see these hyur logs is sot diff'rint—thur lit in the middle, an thet's Kimanch for sartint—it ur.'

Rube's knowledge extended further. The savages had been astart as early as ourselves. They had decamped about daylight, and were now exactly two hours ahead of us on the trail. Why were they travelling so rapidly? Not from fear of pursuit by any enemy. The soldiers of Mexico—had these been regarded by them—were too busy with the Saxon foe, and vice versa. They could hardly be expecting us to make an expedition to rob them of their captives. Perhaps they were driving forward to be in time for the great herds of buffalo, that, along with the cold northers, might now be looked for in the northern part of the Comanche range. This was the explanation given by the trappers—most probably the true one.

Under the influence of singular emotions, I rode over the ground. There were other signs besides those of the savage—signs of the plunder with which they were laden—signs of civilisation. There were fragments of broken cups and musical instruments—torn leaves of books—remnants of dresses, silks and velvets—a small satin slipper (the peculiar *chassure* of the Mexican manola) side by side with a worn-out mud-stained moccasin—fit emblems of savage and civilised life.

There was no time for speculating on so curious a confusion. I was looking for signs of her—for traces of my betrothed.

I cast around me inquiring glances. Where was it probable she had passed the night? Where?

Involuntarily my eyes rested upon the naked poles—the tent of the chief. How could it be otherwise? Who among all the captives like her? grandly beautiful to satisfy the eye even of a savage chieftain—grandly, magnificently beautiful, how could she escape his notice? There, in his lodge, shrouded under the brown skins of buffaloes—under hideous devices—in the arms of a painted, keel-bedaubed savage—his arms, brawn and greasy—embraced—oh!—

'Young fellur! I ain't much o' a skollur; but I'd stake a pack o' beaver plew agin a plug o' Jeemes River, thet this hyur manuscrip wur entended for yurself, an nob'dy else. Thur's writin upon it—thet's clur, an mighty kew'rous ink I rock'n thet ur. Oncest ov a time I kud 'a read write or print eythur as easy as fallin off a log; for thur wur a Yankee fellur on Duck Crik thet kep a putty consid'able school thur, an the ole 'oman—thet ur Mrs Rawlins—hed this child put thro' a reg'lar course o' the Testymint. I remembers readin 'bout thet ur cussed niggur as toated the possible sack—Judeas, ef I recollect right, wur the durned raskul's name—cf I kud 'a laid claws on him, I'd 'a raised his har in the shakin o' a goat's tail. Wagh! thet I wud.'

Rube's indignation against the betrayer having reached its climax, brought his speech to a termination.

I had not waited for its finale. The object which he held between his fingers had more interest for me, than either the history of his own early days, or the story of the betrayal. It was a paper—a note actually folded,

and addressed 'Warfield!' He had found it upon the grass, close to where the tent had stood, where it was held in the crotch of a split stick, the other end of which was stuck into the ground.

No wonder the trapper had remarked upon the ink; there was no mistaking the character of that livid red: the writing was in blood!

Hastily unfolding the paper, I read:

'Henri! I am still safe, but in dread of a sad fate—the fate of the poor white captive among these hideous men. Last night I feared it, but the Virgin shielded me. It has not come. Oh! I shall not submit—I shall die by my own hand. A strange chance has hitherto saved me from this horrid outrage. No! it was not chance, but Heaven that interposed. It is thus: Two of my captors claim me—one, the son of the chief—the other, the wretch to whom you granted life and freedom. Would to God it had been otherwise! Of the two, he of white blood is the viler savage—bad, brutal—a very demon. Both took part in the capture of the steed, therefore both claim me as their "property." The claim is not yet adjusted; hence have I been spared. But, alas! I fear my hour is nigh. A council is to be held that will decide to which of these monsters I am to be given. If to either, it is a horrid fate; if to neither, a doom still more horrible. Perchance, you know their custom: I should be common property—the victim of all. Dios de mi alma! Never—never! Death—welcome death!

'Fear not, Henri, lord of my heart! fear not that I shall dishonour your love. No—sacred in my breast, its purity shall be preserved, even at the sacrifice of my life. I shall bathe it with my blood. Ah me! my heart is bleeding now! They come to drag me away. Farewell! farewell!'

Such were the contents of the page—the fly-leaf of a torn missal. Upon the other side was a vignette—a picture of Dolores, the weeping saint of Mexico! Had it been chosen, the emblem could scarcely have been more appropriate.

I thrust the red writing into my bosom; and, without waiting to exchange a word with my companions, pressed forward upon the trail.

CHAPTER LXXXI.

MORE WRITING IN RED.

The men followed as before. We needed no trackers to point out the way; the path was plain as a drover's road—a thousand hoofs had made their mark upon the ground.

We rode at a regular pace, not rapidly. I was in no hurry to come up with the savages; I desired not to get sight of them before nightfall; it would be better not, lest they might also get sight of us.

The plan I proposed to myself for the rescue of my betrothed, could not be accomplished in the daytime; darkness alone could avail me in carrying it out, and for nightfall must I wait.

We could easily have overtaken the savages before night. They were but two short hours in the advance of us, and would be certain—as is their custom on the war-trail—to make a noon-halt of several hours' duration. Even Indian horses require to be rested.

We calculated the rate at which they were travelling—how many miles to the hour. The prairie-men could tell to a furlong, both the gait and the distance.

The tracks of the poor captives were still seen along the trail. This showed that the party could not have been going faster than a walk.

The prairie-men alleged there were many horses without riders—led or driven; many mules, too—the product of the foray. Why were the poor captives not permitted to ride them?

Was it sheer cruelty, or brutal indifference on the part of their captors? Did the inhuman monsters gloat over the sufferings of these unfortunates, and

deny them even the alleviation of physical pain? The affirmative answer to all these questions was probably the true one, since hardly better—no better, indeed—is the behaviour of these savages towards the women of their own blood and kind—their own squaws.

Talk not to me of the noble savage—of the simplicity and gentleness of that condition falsely termed a 'state of nature.' It is not nature. God meant not man to be a wild Ishmaelite on the face of the earth. Man was made for civilisation—for society; and only under its influence does he assume the form and grace of true nobility. Leave him to himself—to the play of his instincts—to the indulgence of his evil impulses—and man becomes a brute, a beast of prey. Even worse, for wolf and tiger gently consort with their kind, and still more gently with their family: they feel the tenderness of the family tie. Where is the savage upon all the earth who does not usurp dominion, and practise the meanest tyranny over his weaker mate? Where can you find him? Not on the blood-stained karros of Africa, not upon the forest-plains of the Amazon, not by the icy shores of the Arctic Sea, certainly not upon the prairies of North America.

No man can be noble who would in wrath lay his finger upon weaker woman; talk not, then, of the noble savage!—fancy of poets, myth of romancers!

The tracks of riderless horses, the footsteps of walking women—tender girls and children—upon that long tiresome trail, had for me a cruel significance—those slender tiny tracks of pretty feet—*pobres niñas!*

There was one that fixed my attention more than the rest: every now and then my eyes were upon it; I fancied I could identify it. It was exactly the size, I thought. The perfect symmetry and configuration, the oval curve of the heel, the high instep, the row of small graduated globes made by the impression of the toes, the smooth surface left by the imprint of the delicate epidermis—all these points seemed to characterise the footprint of a lady.

Surely it could not be hers? O surely she would not be toiling along that weary track? Cruel as were the hearts of her captors, brutal as were their natures, surely they would not inflict this unnecessary pain? Beauty like hers should command kinder treatment, should inspire compassion even in the breast of a savage! Alas! I deemed it doubtful.

We rode slowly on, not desirous of overtaking the foe: we were allowing them time to depart from their noon halting-place. We might as well have stopped for a while, but I could not submit to the repose of a halt. Motion, however slow, appeared progress, and in some measure hindered me from dwelling upon thoughts that only produced unnecessary pain.

Notwithstanding the incumbrance of their spoils, the Indians must have been travelling faster than we. They had no fear of foes to retard them; nought to require either spies or caution. They were now in their own country—in the very heart of the Comanche range—and in dread of no enemy. They were moving freely and without fear. We, on the contrary, had to keep our scouts in the advance; every bend of the road had to be reconnoitred by them, every bush examined, every rise of the ground approached with extreme care and watchfulness. These manoeuvres occupied time, and we moved slowly enough.

It was after mid-day when we arrived at the noon-camp of the savages. They had kindled fires and cooked flesh. The smoke, as before, warned us, and approaching under cover, we perceived that they were gone. The bones, clean picked, were easily identified, and the mid-day meal shewed that there had been no change in the diet of these hippophagists: dinner and déjeuner had been alike—drawn from the same lardee.

Again I searched the ground; but, as before, the eyes of the trapper proved better than mine.

'Hyr's a other billit-dux, young fellur,' said he, handing me the paper.

Another leaf from the missal!

I seized it eagerly—eagerly I devoured its contents! This time they were more brief:

'Once more I open my veins. The council meets to-night. In a few hours it will be decided whose property I am—whose slave—whose— Santissima Maria! I cannot write the word. I shall attempt to escape. They leave my hands free, but my limbs are tightly bound. I have tried to undo my fastenings, but cannot. O, if I but had a knife! I know where one is kept; I may contrive to seize it, but it must be in the last moment—it will not do to fail. Henri, I am firm and resolute; I do not yield to despair. One way or the other, I shall free myself from the hideous embrace of— They come; the villain watches me; I must'—

The writing ended abruptly. Her jailers had suddenly approached. The paper had evidently been concealed from them in haste; it had been crumpled up and flung upon the grass—for so was it when found.

We remained for a while upon the spot, to rest and refresh our horses; the poor brutes needed both. There was water at the place, and that might not be met with again.

The sun was far down when we resumed our march—our last march along the war-trail.

TOADYISM OF GENIUS.

THE grand era of literary flattery in England was in the early dawn of our literature; when readers, however courteous and gentle, were few in number, and a patron was the more necessary to an author for whom as yet there existed no public. Thus we find that Spenser, not satisfied with invoking the protection of his royal mistress for his poem, addressed with it a commendatory sonnet to each person of eminence to whom he presented a copy of the work. The *Faerie Queene* is inscribed (1596), both in prose and verse, to 'Elizabeth, by the grace of God Queene of England, Fraunce, and Ireland, and of Virginia, &c.'

O goddesse heavenly bright,
Mirror of grace and majestie divine,
Great ladie of the greatest isle, whose light,
Like Phœbus' lampe, throughout the world doth shine.

To celebrate, without infringing on the claims of this 'goddess,' the praises of her attendant nymphs, was a delicate task, which the poet performed, however, with great adroitness, in his sonnet to 'all the gracious and beautifull ladies in the court.'

The Chian peinetor, when he was required
To pourtraict Venus in her perfect heu;
To make his worke more absolute, desired
Of all the fairest maidens to have the vew:
Much more me needs, to draw the semblant trew
Of beutie's queene, the world's sole wonderment,
To sharp my sence with sundry beauties vew,
And steale from each some part of ornament.

Spenser did not pay his homage to the fair and the great unwarden: Lord Grey of Wilton, his especial patron, when lord-lieutenant of Ireland, bestowed on the bard the secretaryship to government in that country, and a grant of 3028 acres of land, from the forfeited estates of the Earl of Desmond, near Cork.

The queen, indeed, dealt out her bounties more sparingly. 'There passeth a story,' wrote Dr Thomas Fuller in 1662, 'commonly told and believed, that Spenser presenting his poems to Queen Elizabeth, she, highly affected therewith, commanded the Lord Cecil [Burleigh], her treasurer, to give him an hundred pound; and when the treasurer (a good steward of the queen's money) alleged that sum was too much, "then

give him," quoth the queen, "what is reason:" to which the lord consented, but was so busied, belike, about matters of higher concernment, that Spenser received no reward.*

The poet seems to lay a trembling hand on the lyre, when commending his verse to the grave 'Lord High Treasurer':

To you, right noble lord, whose careful breast
To menage of most grave affaires is bent;
And on whose mightie shoulders most doth reſte
The burdein of this kingdom's government,
As the wide compaſſe of the firmament
On Atlas' mightie ſhoulders is upſtayed;
Unfitly I theſe ydle rimes preſent,
The labor of loſt time, and wit unſtayed.

If poets are accused, not without reason, of giving unduly flattering titles, much allowance may be made for them, in their struggles to obtain some advantage from their productions, through private favour or patronage, in addition to the profits derivable from the liberality of 'the trade;' and it is only just to remark, that even sound divines have shewn no mean dexterity in the supple arts of dedication. A remarkable instance of this occurs in no less a work than Walton's Polyglot Bible. Walton, who was chaplain to Charles I., and a prebendary of St Paul's, having been deprived of his preferments on the outbreak of the Great Rebellion, found leisure, in those troubled times, for the commencement of his literary undertaking, and was encouraged in his task by the approbation of Cromwell. In the preface to the Polyglot, the author acknowledges the favours which he had received 'A Serenissimo D. Protectore, operis promovendi causa,' &c. On the Restoration, however, Walton not only cancelled the praise which he had bestowed on his late republican patrons, but substituted some pretty sharp invectives against them: hence the distinction, well known to bibliographers, between the 'republican' and the 'loyal' copies of the Polyglot. Charles II. rewarded the loyalty of the author with the bishopric of Chester.

A proof of honest disinterestedness is presented in the refusal of Dryden to inscribe his *Æneid* to William III. It should be remembered that the pecuniary necessities of the bard were great, and that his age was one in which dedications bore golden fruit. Nor is his independence of conduct in this transaction the less vindicated, because 'the hero William' would not have given sixpence for the finest composition of the sort ever penned. Tonson, for ends of his own, exhausted every motive and inducement to persuade Dryden to dedicate his work to William, but in vain. The attempt on the part of the bookseller to dictate to the poet on this point was a manifest case of trespass on the patrimonial domain of authors.

Swift, who prefixed to his *Tale of a Tub* an 'Epistle Dedicatory to his Royal Highness Prince Posterity,' added a second, which might have afforded a profitable hint to Jacob Tonson:

'The Bookseller to the Right Hon. John Lord Somers.

'MY LORD—Although the author has written a large dedication, yet, that being addressed to a prince whom I am never likely to have the honour of being known to; a person, besides, as far as I can observe, not at all regarded or thought on by any of our present writers; and being wholly free from that slavery which booksellers usually lie under to the caprice of authors; I think it a wise piece of presumption to inscribe these papers to your lordship, and to implore your lordship's protection of them. . . . Your lordship's name on the front, in capital letters, will at any time get off one edition; neither would I desire any other help to grow an alderman, than a patent for the sole privilege of dedicating to your lordship. I should now, in right of

a dedicator, give your lordship a list of your own virtues, and at the same time be very unwilling to offend your modesty; but chiefly I should celebrate your liberality towards men of great parts and small fortunes, and give you broad hints that I mean myself. . . .'

It is no wonder that the fever of dedications, which was at its height during the reign of Queen Anne, experienced some abatement under the Hanoverian dynasty, which, at its outset, gave even less encouragement to polite letters and the fine arts than had been shewn by our Dutch ruler. With consummate candour, George II. said: 'I hate *boetzs* and *bainters*.' It is probable that the neat epigram of Dr Johnson on this sovereign was fully justified:

Augustus still survives in Maro's Eliza,
And Spenser's verse prolongs Eliza's reign;
Great George's praise let tuneful Cibber sing,
For nature formed the poet for the king.

Goldsmith has given, in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, a lively picture of the abuses to which the dedication-system was still subject in his time. 'As I was meditating one day, in a coffee-house, on the fate of my paradoxes [it is young George Primrose who speaks], a little man, happening to enter the room, placed himself in the box before me, and, after some preliminary discourse, finding me to be a scholar, drew out a bundle of proposals, begging me to subscribe to a new edition he was going to give the world of Propertius, with notes. This demand necessarily produced a reply that I had no money; and that concession led him to inquire into the nature of my expectations. Finding that my expectations were just as great as my purse, "I see," said he, "you are unacquainted with the town; I'll teach you a part of it. Look at these proposals; upon these very proposals I have subsisted comfortably for twelve years. The moment a nobleman returns from his travels, a Creolian arrives from Jamaica, or a dowager from her country-seat, I strike for a subscription. I first besiege their hearts with flattery, and then pour in my proposals at the breach. If they subscribe readily the first time, I renew my request for a dedication-fee. If they let me have that, I smite them once more for engraving their coat-of-arms at the top."

It is with a good grace that Goldsmith ridicules the devices of parasites and flatterers. Himself above sordid calculations, instead of seeking a patron among the wealthy or noble, he followed the dictates of his affections, by inscribing the work which first gained him distinction to his brother—"a man who, despising fame and fortune, had retired early to happiness and obscurity, on an income of forty pounds a year."

A grave rebuke to the toadyism of authors and the vanity of patrons is administered by Johnson in his manly letter to the Earl of Chesterfield:

'Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

'Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it

* Goldsmith's dedication to *The Traveller*.

is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing to a patron that which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

We must not expect that even in times of 'literature for the million,' the favour of a 'discerning public' will entirely supersede the pursuit of particular patronage. The writer of this article remembers being told by the poet Campbell that he had regretted through life the mistake which,

In the fire of his youthful emotion,

he committed, by dedicating the *Pleasures of Hope* to a mere personal friend, 'who could do him no good.' On the whole, however, it is matter of congratulation that the dedicatory effusions of our own days are, in great measure, shorn of the servility which marked those of past ages; while, on the contrary, the sister-art of puffing by advertisement, in the hands of modern practitioners, has attained a degree of luxuriance eclipsing the efforts in that line of all former generations.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

ONE of the important matters talked about during the past month, was Mr Allan's interview with the Emperor of the French to exhibit an electro-magnetic machine, which, if rumour may be relied on, will do real work, and avoid the defects of machines which have preceded it. Although the result, however, is said to be satisfactory, as we have not yet been made acquainted with particulars, we are unable to describe the merits of the contrivance. Meanwhile, the question has been considered at a meeting of the Civil Engineers, in Mr Robert Hunt's paper 'On the Application of Electro-magnetism as a Motive Power.' It was treated comprehensively, and reasons were given why the attempts hitherto made have failed. Engines acting by a direct pull will not answer, because the iron, under the repeated blows it receives, alters in character, until in time it becomes something like steel, and then retains an amount of permanent magnetism. Hence it was that Jacobi of St Petersburg set himself to find a way of producing an immediate rotatory motion, and constructed an electro-magnetic machine which propelled a boat laden with passengers about three miles an hour on the Neva; but nothing came of it, owing to heavy cost and other difficulties. Mr Hunt explains what these difficulties are; shews how one magnet will counteract the other, and that 'as the speed of the engine increases, there is curiously a corresponding diminution of available mechanical power; a falling off in the duty of the engine as the rotations become more rapid.' Moreover, there remains the important consideration, that to produce mechanical force of any kind, there must be a change of form in the matter producing. In the case of electro-magnetism, the zinc employed in the batteries is the element that undergoes the change; and it has been proved by experiment that six grains of carbon in the fuel produce a motive power equal to thirty-two grains of zinc in the battery, and that, under the best possible conditions, an equal result would be secured by the combustion of six pounds of anthracite coal—the most carbonaceous fuel—as by the conversion in the battery of thirty-two pounds of zinc into oxide. Another way of putting the case is, that the thirty-two pounds of zinc burnt in the furnace will develop precisely the same quantity of heat as that which would be obtained from burning six pounds of coal in the same furnace. Whether producing heat during combustion, or electricity during chemical change, the mechanical force obtained is

precisely the same. Hence the commercial question of cost is greatly in favour of steam, and adverse to the use of electricity as a motive power.' There is no doubt that endeavours after really useful electro-magnetic engines will occupy the heads and hands of inventors and machinists for many a year to come. The question is one that will not be given up until some practical solution has been arrived at; and the amateur and scientific investigator will be alike benefited by the publication of trustworthy data.

Chief among things talked about are the Art Treasures Exhibition; the great Handel festival which is to be held at the Crystal Palace; the Great Eastern steamship which is to be launched next August; and the telegraph cable, of which many miles are twisted every week at Greenwich, for submersion in the Atlantic. With respect to this last, opinions have been expressed that the manufacture of submarine telegraph cables is open to considerable improvement, and that the only way to insure durability, is to have stout iron wires for the core instead of thin copper ones. Such a cable, it is said, could be twisted for L.70 a mile. There is some talk of a new company to carry out the improvement, if such it be, the project being an under-sea line to the Azores, and thence to Halifax. For England, one uniform rate is proposed of a shilling per message. This system is found to answer well in Switzerland, where any ordinary message can be sent to any part of the country for a franc, and we see no reason why it should not answer here. Let the public but once feel assured of promptitude and secrecy, as well as cheapness, and they will not be slow to avail themselves of the advantages of instantaneous communication. Proof exists in the fact, that on the last Saturday of March, while the elections were in progress, 3000 messages were received at the telegraph offices in the Strand and Lothbury, and the country offices were busier than ever. Then look at Canada—500,000 messages were flashed along the line passing through Montreal in 1856.

Let us mention, while on the subject of communications, that 478,000,000 letters passed through the Post-office in 1856. The number is astounding; but it is published by the Duke of Argyll, Post-master General, in his Report for last year. It is an increase of 22,000,000 over 1855. In 1839, the number of letters was 76,000,000; and there were certain prophets at that time who foretold that penny-postage would never answer. What do they say now? And last year a sum of more than L.11,000,000 sterling was sent by Post-office orders. With these results before us, we are glad to notice that the name of Rowland Hill appears in the list of the fifteen candidates selected by the council of the Royal Society for admission into that learned corporation. Mr Grote is another; Mr Whitworth another; Professor Piazzi Smyth, Astronomer-Royal for Scotland, another. The total number of candidates this year is forty-two.

The new Reading-room of the British Museum, having been thrown open for a week to everybody, is now resorted to by the habitual readers and students, and by not a few new ones; for the comfort and conveniences of the room are so great, that numbers will now be attracted who wish to gratify curiosity, without undergoing the hardships of the old room. One very gratifying fact remains to be noticed: it is, that up to letter G there will henceforth be but one catalogue instead of two; so that a student looking into that one will be sure to find whatever the library contains under the several initials. The lower edges of the volumes of the catalogue—and numerous they are!—are shod with iron, to prevent wear and tear.

The president of the Geographical Society, in his anniversary address, pronounced an *éloge* on Dr Kane, whose name, as our readers will remember, was made

famous through arctic discovery and adventure, and whose untimely death occurred but a few months ago. In the same address, particulars were given of the exploration, which, as we intimated, is about to be undertaken to discover, if possible, by one last effort, the fate of the long-lost Franklin expedition. Lady Franklin has purchased the *Fox* screw-yacht, aided by much sympathy and generous subscriptions; and as Captain McClintock is to have the command, we may be sure that all that human skill and endurance can do to reveal the dread secret will be done. May success attend the effort, though it be but to disclose a tale of disaster, privation, and death.

Seeing that we were threatened with the importation of a murrain from Northern Europe, the Royal Agricultural Society, in co-operation with the Agricultural Societies of Scotland and Ireland, have sent Professor Simonds, a competent veterinarian, accompanied by a German *aide-de-langue*, to examine into the nature of the disease on the continent, and gather all possible information respecting it. It is again repeated in communications to the Society, that the only way of preventing potato disease is to plant *whole* tubers. And Professor Way shews how to distinguish between sound and unsound potatoes, even when no difference is perceptible to the eye. Put a slice from each suspected lot into separate portions of new milk, each about a quarter of a pint, which is to be kept warm for three or four hours. The milk containing sound slices remains unaltered, while the rest is curdled.

To some people, a notice of a new star is now scarcely more interesting than a paragraph concerning a big gooseberry; we, however, think it worth while to mention that another little planet, the forty-third, has been discovered by one of the observers at the Radcliffe Observatory, Oxford.—Another interesting astronomical fact is that, within the past few weeks, there has been a reappearance of spots on the sun. It is interesting, because it tends to confirm the theory which associates the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism with solar spots. The phenomena, as we have more than once explained, go through their various manifestations from maximum to minimum in a period of ten years; the sun-spots do the same; and the more spots, the more marked the phenomena. Last year scarcely a spot was observed, and now that spots begin once more to shew themselves, the attention of astronomers has been called to the fact by no less an authority than Sir John Herschel, in order that complete series of observations may be made with a view to test the theory. Considering that meteorological effects, and consequently health and agriculture, may depend on these phenomena, we think them worthy the attention of others as well as scientific observers.—We record an aid appended to the promotion of astronomical science. A munificent lady at Albany, state of New York, has given funds to establish an observatory in that city. To perpetuate her fame, it is named the Dudley Observatory. An addition recently made to its appliances by purchase, is Mr Scheutz's calculating-machine, which, as we noticed when it was exhibited in London three years ago, calculates and stereotypes astronomical tables by the turning of a winch.—Some weak-minded people are again in fear of the earth's collision with a comet, as if Arago had not settled that question long ago.

Mr McDonald, assistant-surgeon to the surveying expedition under Captain Denham in the Pacific, has sent a description of the so-called 'sea-sawdust' to the Royal Society. Having had several opportunities of examining this curious production, he pronounces it as belonging to the *Oscillatoria*. The specimens were found to consist of minute filaments adhering in little bundles, with globules of air between, which account for the buoyancy. 'Although,' he says, 'their abiding-place is the open ocean, their habit can

scarcely be regarded as very different from that of those species which flourish in damp localities exposed to the atmosphere.'

Another paper, communicated to the Royal Society by Dr Edward Smith, is of especial interest. It is on the quantities of air breathed under different circumstances during certain periods, extending in many instances to twenty-four hours. It is so difficult to breathe normally with any apparatus fixed over the mouth, that former experiments of this kind have rarely been carried on for more than a quarter-hour continuously: hence the value of the results obtained by Dr Smith. He has now ascertained what quantities of air are breathed while lying down—on waking in the morning—on getting up—after breakfast—while walking—before and after dinner, and the other meals—the effect of different kinds of food and liquids—of riding outside or inside an omnibus—on horseback—going up or down stairs—and on the tread-mill. He has made all the experiments on his own person, and with an apparatus so constructed as to insure accuracy. The subject is one fraught with important consequences, and deserving of careful consideration. For the present, we content ourselves with this brief notice; but we hope to return to the subject with full particulars on some future occasion.

Professor Piazzi Smyth has just communicated to the Royal Scottish Society of Arts an account of experiments made during his voyage to Teneriffe, in taking astronomical observations with a telescope at sea. The difficulty, as will be obvious to every one, has always been the rolling and pitching of the ship, whereby observer and instrument are alike rendered unsteady. To overcome it, the professor invented a balanced frame, with free axes of rotation, somewhat on the principle of the gyroscope, which, when the wheel is kept in rapid motion, remains uninfluenced by the most violent movements of the ship. Having demonstrated his theory on a small scale, he had a frame made large enough to carry instrument and observer. It was placed on the deck of the yacht near the stern; sailors were set to work the driving-wheels, and when they got up to eighty revolutions in a second, the professor says: 'I had the satisfaction, for the first time that any one had had, of looking at sea through a telescope steadied by the same mechanical effort as that which preserves the constancy of the earth's axis in space. I soon ascertained that in spite of the egregious rolling of the yacht, which must be partaken of by the observer, but is happily not partaken of by a telescope mounted as ours, there is no difficulty in keeping the eye *en rapport* with the eyepiece. . . . Having brought the horizon of the sea into the field of view, I was delighted to find it remain there absolutely uninfluenced by the rolling and pitching of the yacht; nay, it even remained bisected on the wire sufficiently long for the captain, the first and second mates, and several of the sailors, to look in and bear witness of the fact. They saw this consummation long desired at sea, and they took kindly to the instrument, though it was an innovation on nautical practice.'

The importance of this invention to navigation can hardly be overrated. After long-continued gales, it sometimes happens that the mariner can only ascertain his true position, or check the rate of his chronometers, by observations of the stars, or an eclipse of one of Jupiter's moons. With Professor Smyth's apparatus, the observations can be taken as accurately as on shore. He himself was about to observe an eclipse of one of the Jovian satellites, when the sailors, by working too eagerly, broke the handle of the driving-wheel. We hope to see the subject taken up by the Admiralty, and practically carried out in the navy; and, as was said by the chairman of the meeting at which the paper was read, 'If her Majesty had occasion to take

a voyage in rough weather, she could not have a greater favour conferred upon her than a seat mounted as Professor Smyth had described, unmoved by the agitation of the waves, and in perfect repose amidst the fury of the tempest.'

We call attention to Mr Niven's paper, brought before the same Scottish Society, 'On the Manufacture of Ropes and Paper from the Stem of the Hollyhock.' This plant produces a great quantity of available fibre, which can be broken down and prepared for pulp by any of the usual methods. It grows from eight to ten feet high under ordinary circumstances, and produces numerous stems as it advances in age. An acre of hollyhocks would yield from three to five tons of fibre fit for ropes, or fifteen tons from which paper could be made. And, as Mr Niven states, 'when the crop requires renewal, the roots, which contain a large amount of farina, should be bruised in the manner of making starch from the potato, and the fibre left is at once suited for the fabrication of a quality of paper stronger even than that which can be produced from the stems, the farina being also available either as a substitute for starch or food for animals. It is also known that the hollyhock contains a large amount of colouring matter, which, being little inferior to indigo, might be extracted, and thus the whole plant appropriated to useful purposes.'

The government of New Zealand have set apart a sum of L.4000 to found prizes for inventions by which the hemp and other fibrous plants of that island may be wrought into articles of commerce. The first person who shall by any means or contrivance of his own manufacture 100 tons of merchandise from the *Phormium tenax*, or other native plants, is to have L.2000. To the second, L.1000 will be awarded; and the first five who, under the same condition, produce 25 tons of merchandise, will receive L.150 each.

By a vote of the colonial parliament, the decimal system of money is to be adopted in Canada. A report on the question, as regards England, has just been published by Lord Overstone. At a late meeting of the Geographical Society of Paris, the gold medal was awarded to Dr Livingstone; and a communication was read shewing how to carry on trade from Algeria to Senegal by way of Timbuctoo.

BENEFIT AND SICK CLUBS.

A tract on this subject has been published at Sheffield, by Mr Charles Hamilton, which challenges attention. An important subject it truly is; since the members of such societies, including Odd Fellows, Foresters, Druids, Rechabites, Shepherds, &c., number more than three millions and a half of the population of England, and contribute four millions and a half to their funds, which sometimes amount in the aggregate to upwards of twelve millions sterling. The majority, however, of those apparently flourishing Benefit Societies are at this moment, according to Mr Hamilton, *insolvent*. But that need not hinder them from going on for a term of years yet; although the final crash, supposing no energetic steps be taken to avert it, is inevitable. Between 1795 and 1836—forty-one years—14,375 clubs broke for want of funds; and they were then re-established on the very same system of construction and management! The main cause of the mischief is the unfair and childishly absurd plan of average payments. In insurance-offices, on lives from 25 to 60, the premiums range from about L.2, 2s. to L.7; but in these *benefit* clubs, where the claims accruing increase with age, just as in the other the man of 25 and the man of 60 pays the same sum. A few of the clubs have corrected this folly; but in most of the other cases where the evil has been observed at all, the only step taken in the way of obviating it is—to refuse to receive members beyond the age of 45! One half the existing clubs are illegal, because their rules and tables have not been prepared by an actuary, although the cost of this is trifling. As for the legal enrolling of the society, that does not now

cost one farthing. In fine, cheapness is the error and the danger of most of the clubs, but cheapness combined with wild and dangerous extravagance; because, as they had their origin in convivial and bacchanalian meetings of former times, so in our day the office of the club and the rendezvous of its members is the *public-house*.

THE SONG OF THE MOUNTAIN STREAM.

List to the song of the mountain stream,

From its old rocky chamber springing;

Hailing the earliest morning gleam,

With its frolicking—sparkling—singing!

'Oh, tis a glorious thing to bound

Through a world of such wondrous beauty;

The flowers are breathing sweet odours around,

And hark! the old woods with gay music resound:

Pleasure is glancing,

Sunbeams are dancing,

Life is a boon, and enjoyment a duty!

List to the song of the mountain stream,

As its murmurs are gently swelling,

Bounding along with its noontide theme,

Of the glory of labour telling.

'I'll water the land, and cool the breeze,

And set the young grass blades growing;

I'll creep round the roots of the old oak-trees,

And call to the cattle their thirst to appease.

Lambs shall come skipping,

Birds shall stoop sipping;

All shall be glad for my pure limpid flowing.'

List to the song of the mountain stream,

As it rolls with its heaving motion,

Calmly reflecting the sun's last beam,

Ere it loses itself in the ocean.

'No more through the beautiful vale I'll wend;

I have finished life's changeful story;

Peacefully—thankfully seeking the end,

Where with the main, my small tribute shall blend,

Mingling—not dying,

Smiling—not sighing,

Singing for ever *His* greatness and glory.' E. F. M.

'CAPTAIN DODD AT SEA.'

The writer of this article has fallen into a ludicrous mistake in stating that the Mr Weld, who accompanied Captain Dodd, was the present secretary of the Royal Society—who was not yet born at the time. The real Simon Pure was his half-brother, Mr Isaac Weld, nearly fifty years his senior; the father having been twice married—once when very young, and again in advanced age. Mr Isaac Weld was the author of the well-known *Travels in America*; but the narrative of Captain Dodd's voyage was written by Mr C. R. Weld.

PAUPERS FOR SALE.

We mentioned, a few days since, the custom of receiving bids for keeping the public paupers which prevailed in some parts of New Jersey. We were not then aware that in some parts of New England—that land of schools and Puritans—the same custom prevailed. In Rhode Island and Vermont, the poor of some towns may annually be seen at 'the auction-block,' to be struck off to the lowest bidder, who thinks he can either get some little compensating work out of them, or feed them on the refuse of his table, and many times on that which he never thought fit to be brought into his house. It is not a year since some of the papers of Rhode Island and Vermont called attention to some outrageous abuses in this matter. Would it not be well for some of our New-England orators to take measures for preventing the sale at auction of some of the mothers of New England?—*New York Tribune* of June 10, 1853. [The system is still kept up.—*European*.]

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